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UNDERSTANDING AND SYMPATHY are characteristic of Gertrude Emerson's sketches of Indian life. "Beyond Our Knowledge" tells of the Indian villagers' faith and trust in Deity in times of distress.

"GAMELAN AND WAYANG" describes music, dance and drama in Java. It was sent to us by Father Goertz who has traveled widely and studied missions and peoples in many parts of the world.

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, M.D. sent us the story of Mangal from Holy Family Hospital in Patna. Well, Mangal got what he wanted—and much more!

PLEASE—don't overlook—"This Is What It Did" . . . by Sister M. Laetitia . . . on page 143.

YOUR WILL . . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.

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The Hope of the Kingdom --

Probably there is no one who dislikes the talk of money quite so much as the missionary. It is easy to understand. The missionary, to be one at all, must be a giver. Once and for all, he gives himself and all that he has or may have to God and to the business of spreading God's Kingdom in every corner of the earth.

But, willy-nilly, from the very moment he makes this gift of himself, he becomes a beggar —a beggar today and tomorrow and always, an enthusiastic beggar, a persistent beggar. Having given up all, nothing is left to him. Yet he must accomplish great things. He must build a Kingdom. Inevitably he must be a beggar—for souls.

The building of the Kingdom is an expensive business, for the very life-blood of the Kingdom is costly. It is grace—grace paid for by God Himself, by the sacrifice of His own life on the Cross, grace paid this very moment by the continuation of that sacrifice in the Mass, grace earned by God's own people, through their prayer and sacrifice offered in union with the Mass, the great Sacrifice of their Head, Who is Christ.

Yes, the Kingdom is built by prayer and sacrifice—by prayer first of all, and then by sacrifice, which is prayer.

Sacrifice is the hope of the Kingdom. It is given by the missioner in that first gift of himself and all that he has. It is given in his labors for the souls and bodies of men in far away places, it permeates his joys and his agonies, his hopes, his discouragements, his weariness, his happiness, the things he can do, even all that he cannot do.

And sacrifice, the hope of Heaven, lives on and breathes too, in the faithful at home. Actually, way down deep in the heart of things, there is no difference. It all goes together so very beautifully, this work of building God's Kingdom. The missionary cannot do his part without the help of the people, and the faithful need the missionary. For by giving him the support so necessary for the accomplishment of his work, they share in the great work which belongs to all of us— to spread Heaven, the Kingdom, all over the earth.

The means of doing so are very practical and very human means. What is more human than healing sick bodies? What more practical than teaching? Hospitals and dispensaries, schools and orphanages, leprosaria, homes for the aged and infirm—all these are bridges reaching from earth to heaven. But though they reach to heaven, they are still very much of earth and need all the material support we can give them.

This month our Holy Father, who knows the needs of the missions as no one else, pleads doubly on their behalf. In the mission intention he begs for generous financial support of the missions. In appointing the last Sunday of October as Mission Sunday, he exhorts the faithful to make a special effort to give all they can on that day for missions and missionaries all over the world.

This is the appeal of the Holy Father for his missionaries today—the appeal to sacrifice, the sacrifice which bears with it a foretaste of Heaven.

BEYOND OUR KNOWLEDGE - -

By Gertrude Emerson

During my stay in the village of Pachperwa I encountered a very emphatic prejudice against medicine on the part of some Hindus. During the cholera epidemic, though most people offered no objection, a few stubbornly refused to let a drop of cholera mixture pass their lips. Cholera is not, apparently, a very old disease in India. The rapid growth of the cholera menace in modern times is explained by increased facilities of transportation. Yet, by a process of association, cholera has taken on in popular imagination something of the character of smallpox, widely attributed to the anger of the goddess Sitala.

Nearly every village has a shrine dedicated to Sitala, who is worshipped especially by mothers. If the worship of the goddess is neglected she is likely to revenge herself by taking up her abode in the body of a child. Her presence is recognized by certain fixed signs—the signs of smallpox. Great care must be taken to treat Sitala with profound respect, so that she will voluntarily release her victim. Any attempt to drive her out of the body by force may only succeed in angering her further, in which case death will assuredly follow. But even in this event, she must still receive special consideration. The bodies of those dying of smallpox—likewise of cholera—are buried instead of being burned, an unfortunate reversal of the usual Hindu practice. The campaign for vaccination in India has presented difficulties on two grounds: religious objection particularly on the part of high-caste Hindus, because the vaccine comes from the sacred cow and its preparation entails some discomfort to her, and the practical difficulty of keeping the lymph fresh during the hot weather. The vaccination "season" definitely closes in March. Nevertheless, in the light of experience, the prejudices of simple ignorance are slowly giving way. India will follow the Western nations in due course, effectively ridding herself of smallpox, goddess or no goddess, at no very distant time.

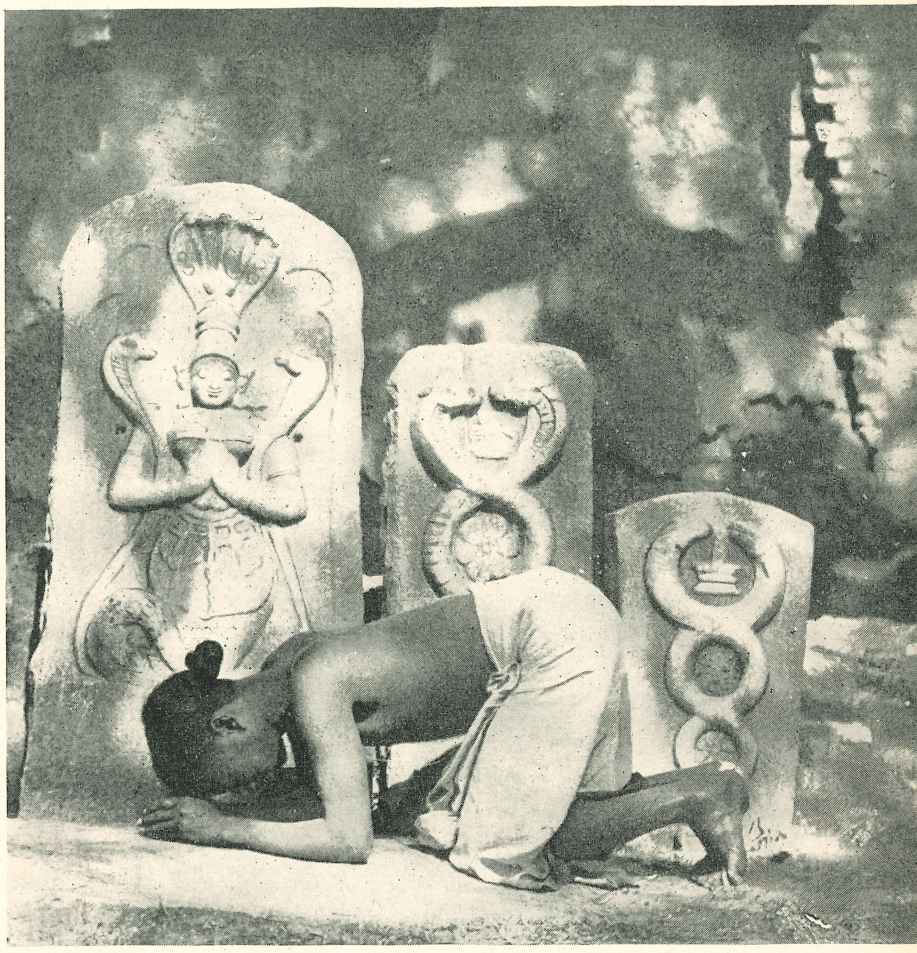
In certain localities a definite cholera god has been evolved, with characteristics much like Sitala's. Around Pachperwa, a malign goddess known as Samai, supposed by some authorities to be a jungle goddess, bore the heavy responsibility for all our sickness. It was for her use that the horses and chariots had been provided at the entrance to stricken Bishenpur.

The sanitary inspector offered medicine to all who could be persuaded to take it, but occasionally he met with stubborn refusal. One sick Brahmin held out against all his entreaties. The Brahmin sent for a pundit and ordered a puja for his recovery. When the sanitary inspector approached the pundit, asking if he would object to the Brahmin's taking the mixture, the pundit expressed no opposition and even urged his patron to try some of the foreign medicine. The Brahmin turned to him, demanding how he dared call himself a priest with so little faith in God! It so happened that the sick man recovered without the aid of any medicine. A few days later, in accordance with a vow, he set out with the pundit on a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Ayodya, but on the train he died of weakness.

An evidence of the myth-making tendency of villagers, as well as of their childlike faith, was a legend that sprang up after my visit to Bishenpur. On the day I was there, it was noted that no one died, and all who were sick at that particular time recovered. The sanitary inspector told me that he used to strengthen his plea on behalf of his medicine by saying it was my wish that cholera victims should take it.

In Pachperwa my friend the Peshkar, very much frightened, decided the safe course would be adopt both old and new measures at the same time. He threw handfuls of permanganate crystals into all the water used in his household during the epidemic, but he also

(Reprinted from Miss Emerson's book, VOICELESS INDIA, through the courtesy of The John Day Company, New York, Publishers)



In times of distress Indian villagers trust in puja rather than in ordinary human means.

paid a pundit to come every day for a week and recite Sanskirt texts for his personal safety at the shrine near my bungalow.

For actual protection in time of distress, Indian villagers put their real trust in Deity and not in ordinary human beings. For a catastrophe averted, it is the Deity they thank, generally in the form of some favorite god or goddess. Scarcely a day passed that prayers were not offered up at the little Devi shrine near my house. Sometimes, when matches had been forgotten, I lent mine. In return I was rewarded with brief glimpses of the superstition, faith, devotion and spiritual insight of my neighbors, who found comfort for some of the ills of life in a larger, invisible world.

One evening I watched a man quietly lighting an oil cup and placing a new elephant among the many old broken ones on Devi's altar. When he had made his offering, I called him over. He was a Bania of Bargadwa, whom I did not know, but he told his story quite simply. Two sons, one thirteen years and the other thirteen months, had contracted smallpox. He and his wife sent for a pundit and had a puja by the bedside of the children, promising to offer an elephant and sherbet for each child at Sitala's shrine in the New Bazar and at Devi's shrine near my house, in the event of recovery. The older boy made no objection to the proposal, but the baby turned away its head, indicating that it rejected the offer. From that moment the parents knew the baby would not live, and though it had only a very light case of small pox, while the older son had a particularly severe one, the baby died and the boy recovered, as foreseen. "And so, according to the promise, I have brought the offerings to Mother," he concluded.

Another puja by another Bania taught me a very proper lesson in humility. I had been treating him four days for a badly infected eye. On the fifth morning I looked out of the window as I was dressing, to see my Bania there at the shrine, piously feeding two Brahmins. Feeding Brahmins is a specially meritorious act, and it was evident that the Bania was having a very special puja that morning. Could it possibly have any connection with his recent eye infection, now practically cured? I asked him point-blank, and without the slightest embarrassment he acknowledged that the puja was an expression of gratitude for his recovery. Laughingly I told him he ought to give me a feast, not the Brahmins. It was not for some days that I perceived the village perspective to be a truer one than mine. To the villager, a human being may serve as an agent of God, but credit for any good he may do as a human being belongs to God, not to himself.

UNDER HER STANDARD

Some months ago at the crowning of Our Lady of Fatima in Portugal, the Holy Father called all Christians to enroll under her standard in defense of God's Kingdom. His words are appropriate now in the month of the Rosary—the great weapon given to us by the Queen of Peace for the cause of peace . . .

With the crowning of the image of the Madonna you have enrolled yourself in a crusade for the conquest—the reconquest—of her Kingdom, which is God's Kingdom.

You have obliged yourselves to labor, so that she be loved, honored and served by you in the family, in human society, and in the world.

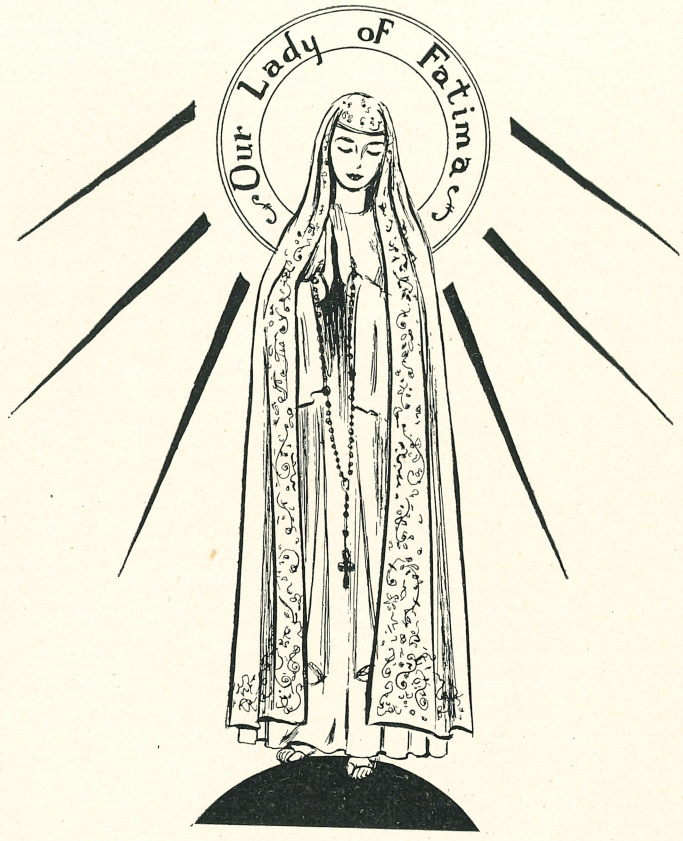
In this decisive hour of history, the kingdom of evil, with infernal cunning, uses all means and all forces to destroy faith and morality in God's Kingdom. Therefore, the sons of light, the sons of God, must use all means and give themselves wholly in defense of God's Kingdom, if they do not wish to see ruins immeasurably greater and more disastrous than all the material ruins accumulated during the war.

In this war nobody can be neutral or undecided. There is need of a convinced and enlightened Catholicism: a Catholicism that is strong in the faith and its commandments, strong in feelings and in action, in private and in public. There is need of one hundred percent Catholics.

Today's inexpressible triumph brings to mind the far more impressive and triumphal crowning of the Blessed Virgin as Queen of the Universe and of the eternal fatherland, where she is seated at the right hand of the immortal King of Ages, crowned by the Blessed Trinity with a triple diadem of glory.

In celebrating her Queenship, you crown her Queen of Peace of the world, because she helps the world to discover peace and to rise from its ruins. The crown is a symbol of love and gratitude in the past, of faith and fealty in the present and of loyalty and hope for the future.

—Pope Pius XII



OUR LADY OF FATIMA, OBTAIN PEACE FOR THE WORLD

In her second apparition to the little shepherds at Fatima, June 13, 1917, Our Lady repeated her recommendation that they recite the Rosary daily to bring peace to the world and taught them the following ejaculation to be said after each decade of the beads:

My Jesus forgive our sins,
Save us from the fires of hell,
Have mercy on the souls in purgatory,
Especially the most abandoned.

GAMELAN AND WAYANG

By The Rev. Heinrich Goertz

Music, dance and drama – in Java

I was sitting in the wide hall of the Regent's palace. The night-wind was stirring in the palm-trees. The air was scented with the flowers of the night. Fire-flies squandered their light. Towards me came the silvery tinkling of bracelets and anklet bells.

"If I stay too long in this enchanted isle, I'll turn poet," I said to myself.

A chick-chack gave its piercing, hoarse cry. It sounded almost human. And to me it seemed as if the chick-chack answered mockingly, "And that would be disastrous!"

At the right, in a dark corner, voices were raised in animated conversation. Musicians were occupied with the arrangement of the orchestra. Among the musical instruments, devised in times beyond memory, I discovered a twentieth century microphone.

One instrument claimed affinity to our violin. But the other instruments were unknown to me. The majority resembled kettles made out of bronze or brass. Others looked like big barrels. And there was a long line of gongs of different shapes and sizes. From the instruments my eyes travelled to the musicians. Most of them were old men, experts in the treatment of these instruments. A fine understanding and long experience are demanded from the performers in the Gamelan orchestra.

Each time a new player or singer entered the hall, he touched his fingers to the tip of his nose and bowed towards the private rooms of the Regent, even though the Regent was not present.

More and more people came in. Everyone was allowed to enter. Regent and people form one family. Children crawled through the hall and played hide-and-seek amongst the columns. The women had lovely faces and were elegantly dressed.

The music began. At first my western ears protested against the "disharmonies," for I did not understand the strangeness of the tonality.

But gradually understanding began to dawn on me and the protest thinned away. Yes, I even began to enjoy the curious modulation and the velvety softness of the tunes. In that moment of conversion the poet appeared. He lit a cigar, and began—"Certainly, you do not know."

HOW THE GAMELAN MUSIC CAME TO JAVA

"Well, let me tell you a story . . . The gods in their celestial abode found life very boorish and monotonous. Batara Guru racked his godly brains—'How can I bring some diversion and color into this flat prosaic life?' He pondered and pondered until he had devised the Gamelan orchestra. The instruments he designed were made in the heavenly workshops and since Batara had all divine abilities he was able to play upon all instruments at the same time. He played—and the odd, soft and wild tunes floated through the heavens. They titillated the feet of the gods and goddesses, and the feet began to move in dance . . . "

"And thus the heavens became a concert hall and a ball-room!"

The poet continued—"The Gamelan music remained in heaven until the earth was populated. In his divine kind-heartedness, God Batara wanted to share his musical invention with the human beings. But where was the spot on earth worthy of that heavenly music?

"Then Batara took a world-map and after some sifting he said—'Of course, only Java is fit for such music! Only there will the people truly appreciate it!' And thus the Gamelan music came to us—a divine gift to Java . . . "

"And to the world!" I added.

WAYANG WONG

The music drama set in. It was a dance full of ecstasy, passion, agitation, fury and whirl. It riveted my whole attention, although I did not understand one word. But now and then the poet whispered a bit of information that helped me to fathom the procedure.

There was a fiery battle in the play. Shields clashed fiercely upon each other. Swords banged clangorously. Kings, princes, demons and women were involved in that fight.

The men in the orchestra worked like maniacs. Gongs, kettles and drums bawled and boomed and thundered in forte and fortissimo. The whole performance was so exciting and thrilling that I even forgot to puff on my princely cigar. And that meant a lot!

Then suddenly, peace returned, and love took the place of hate. After many adventures

Javanese Dancer

and fights, the hero was reunited with his beloved. Everyone was happy, I too.

The music died away in soft tones, and at last musicians, players, singers and instruments departed. The poet and I remained. The cigars remained also, at least the box, for many of those aristocratic cigars perished.

I bombarded the poet with questions, and admired the patience and wittiness with which he answered.

"The dance-play you have just witnessed is called 'Wayang wong.' The Javanese dance has developed from the ritual dance. You find that dance in its highest and finest development and beauty in the Holy Courts, the courts of the sultans. The dance of the princesses is the perfect combination of grace and simplicity. The favorite topics of all our plays and dances are taken from the Mahabharata and the Ramyana, the old, well-known Hindu epics. I must see if I can arrange for you to see such a dance at the Sultan's Court."

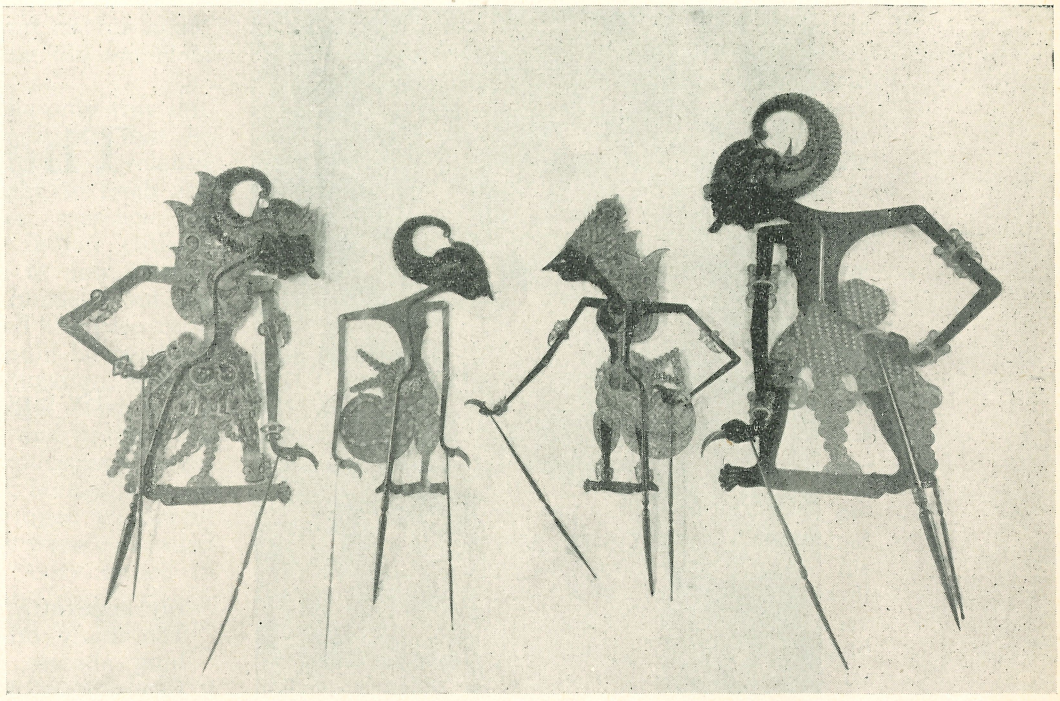
I almost embraced the poet when he said those words!

After a pause the poet went on . . .

THE PUPPET SHOW

"But it is the puppet show that is dearest to the Javanese. It is the genuine Wayang. 'Wayang' means 'shadow or shadow-play.' It is very old. They say it already existed before the beginning of the Christian era—and yet, it is

Below—A gamelan orchestra



Javanese Shadow-Puppets

always new. It draws the oldest men and women out of their huts and makes the hearts of the young ones beat louder and quicker.

"Sometimes the puppet-show goes on all night. The spectators sit under Chinese lanterns, and cry and laugh, and their eyes glow.

"The poorest fellow in the play is the 'dalang,' the interpreter, the narrator. He tells the stories, generally stories from India's and Java's old and oldest times, and interprets the action of the puppets. Through him speak kings and beggars, monsters and demons, priests and heroes, sages and buffons—yes, whole armies. His voice rises and falls. It must reproduce the whole scale of tones, must whisper in love, weep in yearning, bellow in rage and thunder in battle. And the puppets play what he relates.

"These puppets are made out of the finest leather and are painted in gaudy, glaring colors. The grimaces are kind and ghastly. I'll show you some of the oldest puppets in Java. They are kept in the Sultan's palace. The puppets play in front of a white cloth that is illuminated by a strong lamp from behind. The deepest sense of the puppet show is a religious one, rooted in the cult of the ancestors. Those puppets represent the spirit of the ancestors. Their external appearance vindicates this view, as they have no real human form, but are flat and drawn only in profile. They look almost spectral. Generally, the play begins with a prayer, and incense drifts over the stage during the performance. Yes, much mysticism is interwoven into our puppet-show."

The poet paused. It was still in the hall. Only some night-birds hushed among the yellow-white pillars. The chick-chack in the corner still gave its mocking cry, and from the garden came a few short notes of some strange bird. A great golden moon shot through the hall, and fantastic shadows played on the floor.

It was long after midnight when we left the hall. The trees still rustled gamelan-music and the twinkling stars upon a dark-blue sky gave their own shadow-play in the hands of the great "Dalang" . . .

Nothing is truer than that the "missionary spirit" means no other thing than the desire to tell the story of our Redemption in whatever way we know. It can be told by the martyr in final failure; it can be told by the contemplative in utter silence; it can be told by the bursar adding up his figures; it can be told by the nursing Sister bandaging her clients. It can be told by sailing across half the world; it can be told by sitting at home and helping those who sail. The missionary spirit is nothing but the love of Christ burning to express itself, in sacrifice, to all mankind.

—T. Gavan Duffy

Himself—Mangal!

The Return of Mangal

By Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

It happened just after we opened our new men's ward in Patna. Mangal had been coming to the dispensary for some weeks, but up to that time we had only a few beds for men, and those were kept for the acutely ill. Mangal appeared to be in the last stages of tuberculosis. Thin and weak, always tired and feverish, with a harsh cough, he gave little promise of cure or improvement. But now at last we had a place for him, and Mangal was invited into the hospital.

Poor and sick as he was, this took a little persuasion. Mangal had been in the city hospital for some time, and as he expressed it, "No one ever looked at me." He saw no reason for being cooped up in a ward if we weren't going to do something for him. Just to have a comfortable bed, a roof over his head and three meals a day meant nothing to him in exchange for his freedom! We had to promise him all sorts of injections and treatments, to make him happy and willing to stay.

As a matter of fact, we rarely write off any patient as tuberculous until we have found the bacilli in the sputum. In the absence of an X-ray apparatus, that is the only safe procedure. Too many other illnesses, typhoid, kala azar, lung abscess, bronchiectases, etc., can mimic tuberculosis. So Mangal was put through the mill of repeated chest examinations and a number of sputum searches, to his great satisfaction. What he wanted most was *attention.* He had been so lonely, given up by his friends as a hopeless case, overlooked by the city doctors as too poor and unimportant to make a fuss over, without any close relatives to pity him. Now he revelled in daily baths, temperature takings, medicines, injections, ward rounds, etc.!

It soon became apparent that Mangal's trouble was not due to tuberculosis. The examinations were repeatedly negative for the tubercle bacillus. All the mischief seemed to be located in the lower lobe of the right lung, the rest of the chest being quite clear. Then one morning Mangal showed us his cup completely filled with thick yellow fluid and earnestly avowed that he had coughed all that up in one minute. Despite the absence of odor, this confirmed the diagnosis of lung abscess and at once altered the prognosis considerably.

From then on Mangal never again complained of lack of attention. He was put upside down in shock position, with his head hanging down over the edge of the bed, three times a day to promote drainage of the abcess. He was injected with calcium and various vitamin preparations to raise his resistance. He was saturated with sulfathiazole and his chest examined religiously twice a day. Even Mangal was satisfied! But the disease was over nine months old and the abscess apparently so well walled off that drainage through the bronchial tree proved insufficient. We persevered for several weeks, but every improvement would be followed shortly by a relapse. Mangal began

to complain of having to "stand on his head" three times a day. Yet the lung did not clear completely.

An operation seemed to be the only way out. Mangal consented on one condition: that he have a *sathi* (companion). Without a relative to stay with them day and night, to fetch and carry, chatter and sympathize, massage the limbs and peel the oranges, Indian patients cannot bear being bedfast. Up to now Mangal had been able to look after himself, but the prospect of an operation altered the case completely. Fortunately a friend could be persuaded to stay with him for the duration, and on an auspicious day we took Mangal down to the operating room, resected a rib and drained the abscess cavity properly. Convalescence went without a hitch, and in a week Mangal was on his feet again, despite a large open wound in his chest wall. Daily irrigations were continued for several weeks, until the cavity closed in from the bottom. The fever and cough disappeared entirely, and in a month or two Mangal was completely cured.

Such a time as we had to make him believe this! He had been sick for so long, pronounced *purana bukhar* (tuberculous) by so many doctors, given up by his friends and relatives so completely, that it took weeks before he could be convinced of his respite and begin to plan his life all over again. As soon as the news of his impending recovery was spread among his friends, people from all over came to visit him. Poor, neglected, lonely Mangal became a prince giving audiences! He would lift up the bandage that covered the chest wound (with a careful glance that the nurse's back was turned!), describe in detail the operating room and the anesthetic, and let everyone feel the indurated areas of his numerous injections.

The relatives, cousins, uncles and aunts (he had no parents or brothers) admired everything, brought him cigarettes and tidbits, and generally welcomed him back into the clan. Happy-go-lucky Mangal took it all without a word of complaint about his previous neglect. His rounding cheeks were split with a grin from ear to ear, the "tique" on his closely cropped head quivered with excitement, his dhoti and shirt were washed daily under the tap. In short, a new man appeared in place of the previous derelict.

On admission to the hospital, Mangal had given his occupation as "coolie." When we sounded him on his prospects, unwilling to see him go back to heavy labor so soon, he indignantly denied such an indictment. It transpired that since his illness he had come down in the world. He really belonged to the caste of "chaukidars" (watchmen), but when he was no longer able to do his regular work, he had taken to carrying loads, helping to clear rubble, sweep down stores and courtyards, etc. in order to make a living. Now that his family had readopted him, he was going to return to his village to recuperate. When he was quite well and strong again, he would easily find another watchman's job. Then and there we stopped worrying about Mangal. It was clear that he could take care of himself again.

Shortly after that he left, with many salaams and kissing of shoes in token of gratitude. A few months later he came back for a friendly visit. We would hardly have recognized him but for his scar, which he proudly uncovered as soon as we came into view. He looked fat and prosperous, and with a happy grin indicated his newly acquired wife, who pulled down her veil and smiled, in the approved fashion of young brides. The mother-in-law in the background completed the picture of respectability and prosperity. Mangal took his womenfolk all over the hospital, assuring us that any illness in his family would be brought to our care, and departed to his village and his work, all his misery forgotten. If ever there was a man on top of the world, it was Mangal!

Dr. William Osler, having been invited to inspect a famous London hospital was proudly shown about by several physicians and surgeons. Finally the charts were reached, and he looked them over carefully, observing the system of abbreviations: SF for scarlet fever, TB for tuberculosis, D for diphtheria, and so on. All diseases seemed to be pretty well under control except one indicated by the symbol GOK.

"I observe," said the famous doctor, "that you have a sweeping epidemic of GOK on your hand. This is a symbol not in common use in American medical circles; just what is GOK?"

"Oh!" one of his hosts lightly replied, "when **we** cannot diagnose, God Only Knows."

—Walter Neale, in **Life of Ambrose Bierce**

The Mission Clipper

ZULU PRIESTS

The first members of the Zulu people in Natal were raised to the priesthood recently when Bishop Henry Delalle, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Natal, ordained two of the tribe. More than one thousand people, Zulus, Indians and whites, knelt side by side and many received Holy Communion from the two newly-ordained Negro priests. —N.C.W.C.

RED CROSS IN INDIA

Recently at a Red Cross meeting in India, Major-General Sir Gordon Jolly, Chief Commissioner of the Joint War Association, stated that the Geneva Red Cross with its white background was in existence in India more than two thousand years ago. He said—

"Among my treasured possessions has been a piece of carnelian, a half-inch square, ornamented with a red cross on a white ground. This was dug up at Taxila in the Punjab and archaeological evidence shows that it was fashioned there in the third century B. C., more than two thousand years before the founders of the Geneva Convention adopted this device as their emblem. In view of its great historical interest to the members of the Red Cross movement in India, I am giving it to the Indian Red Cross Society."

—The Examiner, Bombay

NOMAD SISTERS OF THE SAHARA

In 1939 a new religious congregation of women was founded to work in the Sahara. Known as the Little Sisters of Jesus, or the Nomad Sisters of the Sahara, these nuns work among the Arabs of the Sahara in fulfillment of their promise on profession "to be Arabs among the Arabs and Nomads among Nomads." The ordinary dress of the Arab women is their religious habit. The first convent was opened at Tuggurt in the Sahara in 1939. The foundress had preliminary training at the Mother House of the White Sisters in Algiers. For three years, from 1936-1939, she traveled through the desert, studying the conditions and preparing herself for the task in the spirit of the celebrated Apostle of the Sahara, Charles de Foucauld. The Nomad Sisters have a novitiate in the south of France, where there are about twenty novices.

—White Fathers Missions.

OCTOBER 24

Feast of St. Raphael

St. Raphael is one of the seven spirits who always stand before the Lord and offer Him the incense of their adoration and that of men. His name, translated from the Hebrew, means 'God heals.' God sent him to cure Tobias as He sent the Angel who moved the water in the pool called Probatica.

'May the Angel Raphael, physician of our salvation, help us from the heights of heaven, heal all diseases and guide our faltering steps towards the true life' (hymn at Lauds).

SOLOMONESE WEDDING

In the Solomon Islands the children are promised in marriage. When a girl is about eleven, her future mother-in-law invites her to come and live in her house. Every Solomonese boy wants a husky wife who can work. He provides her with as much taro and pork as she can eat. Her mother-in-law gives her beauty treatments. Solomonese women don't powder their faces; they rub them with cocoanut oil to make them shine!

The marriage ceremony is short. The mother-in-law delivers the bride to her son at the ladder leading into his house. The young wife is given two baskets of food. One she tosses to her husband; the other she keeps. They squat on the ground back to back and nibble at the food. If the couple are Catholics, after these ceremonies the marriage is performed in church before a priest according to the Roman ritual.

—The Cowl.

GOLD STAR AWARD

The Rev. Francis X. Clougherty, O. S. B., former Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen), has received the First Class Gold Star from the Chinese Government in recognition of his twenty-five years as a leader in education and social welfare in China. Father Clougherty was also Dean of the Department of Western Literature in Honan University, and was probably the first foreigner ever to hold such a position in a Chinese government university.

—Fu Jen.

Appeal from India

From the Rev. Father J. Kachapilly, Christnagar, Benares, India, we have received the following appeal in behalf of the Indian Missionary Society, established but recently for the training of Indian missionary priests and brothers, Father Kachapilly writes—

"Nineteen centuries have passed since two of the twelve Apostles brought the message of salvation to India. Yet, even today she remains a pagan country with four hundred million souls. Of these enormous masses only about four million are Catholics. Vast is the field and wide the scope for missionary work, but the laborers are few! If, according to common estimate, countries Catholic by tradition require on an average one priest for every thousand Christians, many more would India require for the conversion of her people—at least one priest for every thousand. But in India there are hardly 5,000 priests, and of these more than 3,000 are in localities that are Catholic, like Bombay, Goa, Mangalore, Malabar and the Fishery Coast of South India. While most of the others are serving the needs of tiny units of Catholic population scattered throughout the country, not a few are teaching in schools and colleges. Then how many are left for the Propagation of the Faith?

" 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few!' Yes, this is the greatest and most urgent of the missionary problems of India. To find an adequate and permanent solution to this problem, the Rev. Fr. Gaspar A. Pinto, with the provisional approval of the saintly missionary Bishop Poli of Allahabad, launched the scheme of the Indian Missionary Society with headquarters in Benares. The plan was heartily endorsed by the hierarchy and welcomed by clergy and laity alike. Priests and young men from various parts of India flocked to the new Society. A site was purchased in 1943 and named Christnagar, and a house of studies was built. Seeing the speedy development of the Institute, Bishop Poli was pleased to erect the Society canonically under the title of SS. Peter and Paul.

"Today the Indian Missionary Society is an accomplished fact. But its progress and expansion must depend on the charity of the faithful. Lands have to be purchased, buildings have to be constructed and furnished, philosophical and theological books have to be provided, the increasing number of aspirants have to be maintained and educated. Funds we have not, but faith we have, faith in God, faith in the zeal and generosity of our fellow Catholics throughout the world. The best and greatest act of charity one can perform is to help to educate a missionary priest. The Pope of the Missions himself has said—'If he who offers a cup of cold water to one of the least disciples of Christ shall not lose his reward, what reward shall he receive who puts into the pure hands of a young priest the Sacred Chalice of Redemption, who helps him to lift up to heaven a pledge of blessing and peace to mankind!"

Your help for the education of Indian missionary priests is urgently needed. Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by—Rev. Fr. J. Kachapilly, Mission House, Christnagar, Benares, Cantt., India.

Please pray for the souls of:

Rev. Frederick Struchholz, M. S. C., Nazareth, Pa.

Rev. Augustine B. Caine, Bethlehem, Pa.

Sister M. Ann Catherine, Holy Cross, Ind.

Sister M. Beda, Holy Cross, Ind.

Mrs. Joseph Kaufmann, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Catherine Baummer, Baltimore, Md.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

On the 18th of the month the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in our chapel at the Motherhouse for deceased subscribers and benefactor.

The primary need in the matter of the missions will always be that of spiritual cooperation by means of prayer and by means of sacrifice, which is the prayer of immolation.

—Pope Pius XII

News from At Home and Abroad

THE VERY, VERY LATEST—AND BEST—NEWS is that Mother Dengel is on her way home! She is to arrive in New York City on the S. S. John Ericsson on September 29th—so by the time you receive this we will have celebrated her return, we hope!

After a ten months' absence—and so many delayed sailings, etc.—her coming is real news. But it's true—and for proof we have Sister Dennis's note from England—

"We saw Mother Dengel off safely and managed to get a taxi, as she had to leave here before 7 a.m. As a matter of fact the taxi-man insisted on taking her. He said he would even take her for nothing if she couldn't afford to pay—it was not right to let her **walk** out of the country, he wanted to **drive** her out!"

India

RAWALPINDI

News from India contains a bit of everything this month. Of course, the most important topic is still the building of Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. Everyone is pushing hard so that it will be finished soon, for according to the latest reports a larger hospital is needed now more than ever.

The Sisters write—"We have been unusually busy the past few months. Already we are way ahead of last year and have had a veritable epidemic of major operations. The in-patients have passed the thousand mark and the out-patients number two hundred and more every day!"

"Shake hands, Sister" . . .

It's a very small world, even in India, so missionaries discover. "Not long ago," writes Sister M. Leonie, "a Sikh soldier came dashing into the dispensary, exclaiming, 'Shake hands, Sister, I have seen your Pope.' He had been in Italy and had an audience with the Holy Father. As soon as he got home he came over to tell us all about it."

Power of example

Although our work does not always show results, every once in a while something happens to prove that more is being accomplished than we may suppose. Again, Sister Leonie tells the story—

"Not long ago we had a poor Mussulman woman here in the hospital suffering from tetanus. While she was very ill we kept her in a separate room near my office. But when she was convalescing we put her back in the ward. She was a poor village wallah and had no relative staying with her .A chorus of protest went up when we put her there, for it happened that just then there was no other Mohammedan woman in the ward—the others were all Sikhs and Hindus. One patient in particular, a doctor's wife, protested vigorously. But she was told that this patient needed a place and was going to stay. That quieted things for a while. In the meantime, Sister Stephanie was still giving extra attention to the poor woman for she was really quite ill and in need of it.

"Well, the upshot of it was that a few days later we saw the doctor's wife, the one who had made all the fuss, actually washing this poor Mohammedan patient's hair. When we came into the ward she turned her face to the wall, for she did not want us to know what she was doing. We pretended not to see and passed by. But the whole ward changed after that and became very friendly and kind to the poor woman. It only shows that example can do a lot and in our own small way we are breaking down some of the prejudices and rivalries."

Sister M. Bernadette—and some of our youngest patients.

PATNA

Again—that ice-box!

The Patna ice-box, or rather, the lack of it, seems to be perennial with us. The latest news about it comes via Sister M. Augustine—

"Some time ago," she writes, "we were supplied with three ice-boxes from the Army surplus. We dreamed of ice water and ice-cream the moment we saw the truck coming. Naturally, I thought also of other conveniences and hoped this would be the end of sour milk, rotten eggs and a few other worries.

"The luxuries were welcomed by all of us and put in a suitable place. One ice-box was to run on kerosene, and the others on electricity. We hoped they would run smoothly from the start, but this was just a hope, because they did not. It is now about two months later and not one of the three has produced one single ice-cube yet! The essential gas seems to be missing and India is not the country where it is easily obtained. At one time we thought we were going to get it, but that too fell through. We are still hoping and have at least one consolation—the ice-boxes are still there —to look at!"

Patna follows suit . . .

From Sister Anne we received the following very encouraging note about the Patna hospital— "You will have heard about the laying of the cornerstone for Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. Well, we hope to follow suit very soon in Patna. We plan a 500 bed hospital no less. From this you can realize how very busy we are. Patna has come of age very quickly. We now have an all day dispensary and just this year added an ear, nose and throat clinic. The doctor is supposed to attend once a week, but has to come nearly every day, we are so very busy."

DACCA

It's the mango season in Dacca, and business for the Medical Missionaries at the Mitford Hospital is booming. Sister Margaret Mary writes—

"The past few months have brought us many fractures, all kinds, often badly neglected. Most of them are boys between six and fourteen years of age. I remarked about the number, and one of our doctors explained — 'Sister, those mangos are getting riper and bigger every day.' Children and even men and women climb the trees and fall. We have two splendid bone surgeons here and marvel at the final results.

"Sister Jude spends most of her time in the operating room and I make rounds and keep toes, fingers and the limbs of our fracture patients on the move. The children are darlings and begin to show off as soon as they see me coming. One of our patients, a woman who was in the hospital with a badly impacted fracture of the shoulder, gave me a very nice donation to treat the children. Now it's 'No exercises, no sweets,' which means, for me, no trouble at all."

THIS IS WHAT IT DID . . .

A few months ago we appealed to you for funds with which to buy hospital equipment from the Army surplus in India. Here are some of the things our Sisters were able to get with your help. Sister M. Laetitia writes—

"We want to tell you how marvelous it is to have all the wonderful Army equipment your generosity has enabled us to purchase—

"We have four operating tables which are our pride and joy! There is a great deal of surgical work in Patna and we were doing it under great difficulties. So much time was wasted getting patients on and off the table, back to bed, and collecting the next case on our one and only stretcher. Just to have plenty of stretchers and tables alone saves ages of time. Now while the nurses are dressing the wound of the last case the Sister-surgeon can start on the next operation, whilst the anaesthetist can begin on the third patient. And it often happens that on the fourth table a little life is being ushered into the world. We can do as many operations now in one hour as we did previously in three and we are all very happy about it. Our Indian nurses are as pleased and proud as they can be of the lovely materials we have for the work.

"We have X-rays, sterilizers, disinfectors, syringes and needles, heaps of the latter. During the war it was almost impossible to buy syringes. Now we have all sizes and in sufficient quantities to keep a number sterilized on hand. That in itself is a tremendous help. The mosquito nets we got are the nicest I have ever seen and they cannot be bought at all in the bazaar.

"But the most God-given gift of all is the blood plasma. It has already saved many lives. One poor woman had a terrific hemorrhage and was gasping her last when the needle was inserted into her vein. Within a few minutes her color came back and she began to breathe normally. A few hours later she was sitting up eating a meal! She had five little children. What would those pitiful mites have done without their mother!

"One day a man came racing into the hospital in a panic. 'Quick, quick, my wife is dying,' he cried. 'Bring some of that miraculous medicine!' The Sister-doctor picked up a plasma set and hurried after the frantic man, who was already half way up the street. Breathlessly they reached the house and as soon as the plasma began pouring into the vein the practically dead patient began to come to life again. Half an hour later she was entirely out of shock. These are just two instances out of many . . .

"This letter may sound a little like a page from a hospital equipment catalogue, but I feel sure that you will be interested to hear about all that your generous donations have enabled us to buy. We can hardly believe our eyes when we look at all our lovely things—and say 'Thank you' a thousand times over for everything."

MISSION SUNDAY—OCTOBER 20, 1946.

The recent tests in the Pacific have verified conclusively the terrific power of atomic energy in wholesale demolition of land as well as sea installations. So far its usefulness in peacetime pursuits remains to be developed. However Catholics might do well to remember that they have far greater potentialities for construction than the harnessed energy of the atom. By their prayers and alms they can help rebuild the world—the world where love, not hate, will be the master.

The missions of the Church have suffered untold damage during the years of warfare while the work of generations of tireless bishops, priests, brothers and sisters has been destroyed. To America alone these gallant souls, as well as Christ's own Vicar, must turn to provide the spiritual and financial aid needed to begin and complete this herculean task.

In the name of the great Missioner, Jesus Christ Himself, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges American Catholics to make October 20th the greatest Mission Sunday the Church has ever known. Your Diocesan Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith will be pleased to know of your interest.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell,
National Director